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when we have those about us who love us, and take notice of what we wear, and in whose eyes we would like to appear gracious and lovely to the last, so far as nature allows; not easy when things are otherwise. This, perhaps, is the reason why we see so many unmarried women grow careless and "old-fashioned" in their dress—"What does it signify?—nobody cares."

I think a woman ought to care a little for herself—a very little. Without preaching up vanity, or undue waste of time over that most thankless duty of adorning one's self for nobody's pleasure in particular—is it not still a right and becoming feeling to have some respect for that personality which, as well as our soul, heaven gave us to make the best of? And is it not our duty—considering the great number of uncomely people that are in the world—to lessen it by each of us making herself as little uncomely as she can?

Because a lady ceases to dress youthfully, she has no excuse for dressing untidily; and though, having found out that one general style suits both her person, her taste and convenience, she keeps to it, and generally prefers moulding the fashion to herself, rather than herself to the fashion, still, that is no reason why she should shock the risible nerves of one generation by showing up to them the out-of-date costume of another. Neatness invariably; hues carefully harmonized, and, as time advances, subsiding into a general unity of tone, softening and darkening in color, until black, white and gray alone remain, as the suitable garb for old age; these things are every woman's bounden duty to observe as long as she lives. No poverty, grief, sickness, or loneliness—those mental causes which act so strongly upon the external life—can justify any one (to use a phrase probably soon to be obsolete when charity and common sense have left the rising generation—no fifth of November) in voluntarily "making a Guy of herself."

That slow, fine, and yet perceptible change of mien and behavior, natural and proper to advancing years, is scarcely reducible to rule at all. It is but the outward reflection of an inward process of the mind. We only discover its full effect by the absence of it, noticeable in a person "who has such very young manners, who falls into rapture of enthusiasm, and expresses loudly every emotion of her na-

ture." Such a character, when real, is unobjectionable; nay, charming, in extreme youth; but the great improbability of its being real, makes it rather ludicrous, if not disagreeable, in mature age; then the passions die out, or are quieted down, the sense of happiness itself is calm, and the fullest, tenderest tide of which the loving heart is capable, may be described by those "still waters" which "run deep."

To "grow old gracefully"—as one, who truly has exemplified her theory, has written and expressed it—is a good and beautiful thing; to grow old worthily, a better. And the first effort to that end, is not only to recognize, but to become personally reconciled to the fact of youth's departure; to see, or, if not seeing, to have faith in, the wisdom of that which we call change, yet which is in truth progression; to follow openly and fearlessly, in ourselves and our own life, the same law which makes spring pass into summer, summer into autumn, autumn into winter, preserving an especial beauty and fitness in each of the four.

Yes, if women could only believe it, there is a wonderful beauty even in growing old. The charm of expression arising from softened temper or ripened intellect, often amply atones for the loss of form and coloring; and, consequently, to those who never could boast either of these latter, years give much more than they take away. A sensitive person often requires half a life-time to get thoroughly used to this corporeal machine, to attain a wholesome indifference both to its defects and perfections—and to learn at last, what nobody would acquire from any teacher but experience, that it is the mind alone which is of any consequence; that, with a good temper, sincerity, and a moderate stock of brains—or even the two former only—any sort of body can in time be made useful, respectable, and agreeable, as a traveling dress for the soul. Many a one, who was absolutely plain in youth, thus grows pleasant and well-looking in declining years. You will hardly ever find any body, not ugly in mind, who is repulsively ugly in person after middle life.

Some good qualities are not unfrequently created by the belief of their existence; for men are usually anxious to justify the good opinion entertained of them

THE GOBLIN TAPESTRY.

'NEATH the eaves there sits a goblin
In the sunshine and the rain,
Even the soft wooing south-wind
Whispers in his ear in vain.

When the wintry storm is raging
And the bitter north winds blow,
And the leaden clouds are bending
To the earth o'ercharged with snow.

When the dying boughs are creaking
O'er the shattered window-pane,
And the maddened gale is whistling
In a wild and fitful strain—

Still, beneath the eaves, the goblin
Sits unmindful of the strife,
Weaving with untiring fingers
The strange warp and woof of life.

In that tapestry are mingled
Varied scenes of light and shade,
Woven in undying colors,
Neither sun nor dew can fade.

Of the warp of hope is blended
With the woof of dark despair,
And the cords of joy and sorrow
Of are twined together there.

And the secrets most we cherish,
Which would cause the blush of shame.
There are traced, 'mid golden pictures,
Mingled with the wreaths of fame.

There, beneath the eaves, the goblin
Will toil, 'till the chilly hand
Of the spectre, Death, shall lead us
To the unknown spirit land.

M. R.

He would recommend those who traveled, and who loved art, never to have copies made of already-copied pictures—there were numbers of the finest pictures scarcely known that had never been copied, and that might be shot-riddled next month. The reputation of many oft-copied pictures arose mainly from the fact that they were easy to be seen, not because they were the best; those to which he had referred would have to be sought. There were many portions of frescoes by Michael Angelo that had never been engraved, which were just as beautiful as those that had; there were other works by Michael Angelo and many by Perugino, his master. Artists should be got to look for neglected things; it was much better that rich picture-fanciers should do this, than that they should depend upon themselves.—*Ruskin.*